DIVINE DIALOGUES

VIZ. { *Dives's* Doom. / *Sodom's* Flames, and / *Abraham's* Faith.

CONTAINING

The Histories of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, The Destruction of *Sodom*, And *Abraham's* Sacrificing his Son.

~~To which is Added~~

~~Joseph Reviv'd,~~

~~OR,~~

~~The History of his Life and Death.~~

By *GEORGE LESLY*, Rector of *Wiverton* in *Northampton-shire*.

Herbert's Church-Porch.

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *Nicholas Woolfe* next the Seven Stars in *Newgate-street*. 1684.

To the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Weſtmoreland.* &c.

Right Honourable,

THough the *Author's obſcurity, and unworthineſs of the enſuing Poem, may in Juſtice forbid either your Lordſhips Patronage; yet the ſwift-wing'd fame of your Honour's goodneſs, giving life to my harmleſs ambition, hath emboldened me (though with trembling Heart and Hand) to make this poor addreſs. Not that I have, or dare have, confidence to think it worth your Lordſhip's acceptance, being the frozen conception of one born in a cold Climate; but that the enlivening Beams of your Honour's Patronage, may ſcreen it from that contempt and obloquie it might otherwiſe meet with in a hotter region: On this and no other ſcore is poor* Æſchines's *gift preſented to your Lordſhip. Favour therefore noble Sir, my begger with a Serene Aſpect. And if your Honour think him worthy, grant him the regard of being one of the meaneſt of your Lordſhip's Cloſet inhabitants, and for his fidelity, take the word of a Prieſt, he'll neither ſteal nor flatter.*

His beginning is divine and ſo I hope is his riſe, though he be not adorned with ſo much Eloquent bravery as this Golden-tongu'd age boaſteth of; yet I dare ſay, he will ſtammer out ſo much truth as may inform the Reader, that the Kernel not Shel, the ſubſtance not ſhew of Chriſtian Religion and Piety is to be minded. I might I confeſs have drawn the Matter to a longer Thread, had I not feared that it would neither pleaſe your Honours Eye, nor become the Hand of,

Your Lordſhips,

moſt Obedient.

George Leſly.

Wittring, June 14. 1676.

To

To the Reader.

HAving in a ſmall eſſay declar'd my ſelf a Lover of the Muſes, I have now ventur'd upon the Stage, not ignorant of the fate that attends pious Poems; that of the Poet being no leſs true than common. *Pro captu lectoris habent ſua fata libelli.* I diſcern a Cloud (I might ſay a crowd) of Carpers, for they will be of all ſorts. The Learned whom I honour, and would be glad to imitate, may think my Style antick, Matter raw, Plots ill-laid and worſe managed, and no party well humoured: To them I grant all, becauſe they could better have anſwered wiſe mens expectations in ſuch an enterprize. Yet I hope that the expreſſion is neither ſo rude, nor the matter ſo indigeſted, (though that be not ſo tumid, nor this ſo taking as the Genius of the preſent Age requires) but that they may out-live the rigour of a ſober cenſurer, and prove beneficial to ſome. The Lady that weareth a Ruff with a looſe Gown; the Gentleman with the high Crown'd Hat, and Wooden heel'd Shooes, may call it plain old *Engliſh*, and good Morality at leaſt.

I know

To the Reader.

I know there are Courteous as well as Critical heads, theſe may let my Pamphlet alone; 'tis intended for the other. If the Stage-Poet frown, all I ſhall ſay to him is, Though my Muſe be not tuned to his Key, yet my mind tranſcends his *Apollo.*

Majora Cano.

But if all men put a fair conſtruction on what they find here, and read, with the ſame intention I wrote it, not only to divert idle hours, but to deter them from ſin, who will not trouble themſelves with an impartial Scrutinity of Holy Writ for an Antidote; and to promote Divine Faith and Charity among Mortals in this faithleſs and frozen Age. If this I ſay be done, my time (I hope) in Writing, nor theirs in Reading, will be miſpent.

Farewell.

The

The Prologue.

THeſe humble Lines to all men cry aloud,
Bidding them ſhun Hell's horrour Styg'an flood.
In Heavens Language, ev'ry Neophite,
Muſt learn to ſay, mercy Lord, I'm not meet
To tread thy Courts; nor caſt a hoping Eye
Upon a promiſe, till I do eſpy,
My Sins transferred on a Saviour.
And then, O then! begins that happy hour.
When diſmal Clouds of wrath ſhall diſappear,
And Sunſhine mercy over ſpread the Sphere
Of thy poor weather-beaten Soul, and then,
Thy Tongue ſhall bleſs God; thank the trembling pen
Of him who rais'd thee out of deepeſt ſleep,
E're death ſucceeded; wiſhing thee to keep,
The wholeſome Lawes of him who can deſtroy
Thy Soul, or give it everlaſting Joy.
Theſe are the ends I have propos'd, and do
Wiſh they may prove effectual to you.
If ſenſe, not ſwelling words have leave to ſpeak;
Know, it is you, not yours that I do ſeek.

The Perſons.

Dives, a wicked Rich man.

Pride.
Gluttony. } his Friends.

Huntſman.

Servants.

Lazarus, a Begger.

Poverty.
Sickneſs. } his Attendants.

Death.

Sexton.

Chirurgions, Maſons, Carvers.

Mourners.

Angels, good and bad.

Abraham.

Threnophilus, one who writeth his Epitaph.

DIVES'S DOOM,

OR,

The Rich Man's Misery.

Dives, Pride, Servants.

Div. WHat Monſter's this li'th at my noble Gate,
Bedawb'd with leprous ſpots? what cruel fate
Attends the caitiſe? What unhappy Star
Rul'd at his birth: that ſuch his mis'ries are?
While happy I, who ſcorn the Divine Powers
Am glorious, by Nature's help and yours.
Doth not the World behold my heaps of Gold
With cov'tous eyes? *Pr.* Yes, it was always bold.
Div. This ſtately Fabrick that is by me made,
Do not all men admire? *Pr.* Yes, moſt have ſaid:
You're he, and only he, dare boldly ſay,
The life of Man is conſtant holy-day.
The earth with all its fulneſs ſmiles on you,
And we its deareſt Minions, ſerve you too.
Riſe from your rich, embroyder'd Bed, I ſee
This petty light would emulator be,

Of thoſe reſplendant Rubies that hang round
Your Couch: and thoſe, wherewith your Head is (crown'd.
See! how the num'rous Atoms daunce and touch
Your lofty Brow, as if they did think much
That their own Brats ſhould have ſo near approach
To your admired worth; they but encroach.
Riſe up, and let your Purple Red, and White,
Exceed the Sun in beauty and delight:
Call, call your Waiting-men, that they may dreſs
And fit you, for your golden Buſineſs.

Div. Who's there? *Pr.* What! Slaves, do not (you hear my Lord?
Good Servants always anſwer at firſt word.

Serv. We come, what is your Honour's will? (*Div.* That ye
Perform your Offices, I'll dreſſed be.

Serv. What Cloaths to day, Great Sir, the Hea- (vens frown?

Div. What! Purple and fine Linnen, worſe I (ſcorn.

Pr. Good, good immortal Sir! why ſhould you be
Serv'd with the Emblems of Mortality?
With Ruſſet, Flaxen, or the courſer Stuff,
Since your rich Wardrobe can afford enough,
To ſpeak you Non-ſuch, bring the Crimſon Suit,
(You may at pleaſure have a new recruit.)
Fineſt Silk Stockings, Shooes of golden Cloth.
With beſt of Beavers (never touch'd by moth;)

The largeſt Chain of Gold, and Diamond Rings,
Never as yet put on; all other things
Are ready. Barber, are your Razors good?
Come, ſhave your Maſter, but beware of blood.
Powder, Perfume, Pomatum, and the Glaſs,
Bring. Let my Lord ſee his admired face.
Haſte with the golden Baſon, ſilver Ure,
In place of water, Wine put in that's pure;
This will not only waſh, but ſtrengthen all
The Members of my Lord both great and ſmall:
The Scarlet Cloak forget not, Cuffs and Band
Of Lace, ſee! how the Fools amazed ſtand:
Groom of the Chambers call to make a fire,
Perfuming firſt the Room at my deſire;
Thus is my buſ'neſs done. Now I retire.

Gluttony, Dives, Lazarus, Huntſman, Pride, Poverty, Sickneſs.

Glut. Hail, glory of the world, and more than (Man!
Since Brother Pride hath ſerv'd you what he can:
I think it's time for you to take advice
From me; Drink firſt your Mornings-draught (with Spice.
Here Sir, accept the Quinteſſence of Blood,
Diſtill'd from the Oppreſſed, taſte, it's good;
And here the widows houſe, a greater Dole;
The next's a Cordial from the Church's Cloaths;

These (I presume) may serve you till you dine,
E'r then what you expect, I will designe. (pleases!
Div. Thanks dearest friend, O how this Spirit
Sure 'tis *Nepenthes*, cure for all Diseases;
It is *Ambrosia* or *Nectarian* Juyce,
The Gods (themselves) no better drink can wish:
I certainly enliv'ned am all o're,
My Soul it self is greater than before. (Sun,
Pr. I'me sure your eyes shine brighter than the
Now Thunder speaks, make Earth-quakes, I have
So all that's called Man, thy threatning voice (done
Shall fear, and we your Vassals must rejoyce.
Glut. Sir, if your greater business permit:
I have one word to speak (if you think fit)
This Beauty-broker minds not that the Clock
Saith, It is time, your Stomach to unlock.
His trimming without food can never please;
You know Dogs only hunger bear for ease.
Come Sir, your Table's richly furnished.
Pray give you o're, and let my Master feed. (Wine,
Here's Manna instead of Bread, here's sprightly
Here's flesh of all sorts, delicate and fine;
With Sweet-meats store, and all may gratifie
And please my Lord his Palat and his Eye.
Div. Was ever Man so happy in his friends,
As I in mine? their kindness never ends;
For which on them my Substance I'le bestow,
(If that be not sufficient, Soul too.)
Open the Casement, pray let in the Air;
Hark, hark, what voice doth to my Ears repair.

Lac.

Laz. One crumb for God's ſake to a hungry (Soul.

Div. Go, ask the Huntſman why the Dogs do (houl.

Laz. One crumb for Heav'ns ſake to the hun- (ger-ſtarv'd.

Hunt. 'Tis not the Dogs, a Beggar would be (ſerv'd.

Div. Prodigious boldneſs! dare that meazled (whelp

Approach my Parlor-window to ſeek help;
Muſt he, a very maſs of loathſomneſs
Name God or Heaven? (theſe do diſturb my bleſs)
No, Huntſman, whip him while his life doth laſt,
And ſay, the rich man ſent that for's repaſt.

Huntſ. Come Leprous Raſcal, here's a wyred (cord

With which I'le ſcourge you, you've diſturb'd (my Lord:

Thou know'ſt that Heav'n & Earth can ne'r agree,
How then ſhould our great *Dives* ſuffer thee,
Who, what he e'r expects enjoyeth here,
Though ſuch as Fools are, think there's more elſe- (where.

Come, I muſt whip thee dead, 'tis his command;

Laz. Firſt, let me tell you on what ground you (ſtand,

Though his great favours ſmile on you this day,
To morrow's frowns may call them all away.

And then the laſh may be beſtow'd on you:
Which heard, the Huntſman (making humble bow)
Said, Sir, what are you? *Laz.* Do ſt not plainly ſee
Me, one (to look on) fraught with miſery,
View me all o're, if any part be free,
I'le not deſire compaſſion from thee.
If otherwiſe, take heed thou doſt not wrong
My Lord and Maſter, who will be too ſtrong:
For thee, and thine. Though he may from me take
This painful life, he whom I ſerve, can make
It up, with intereſt a hundred fold.
(Yet pardon me, if I have been too bold)
Huntſ. Make but theſe words clear to my duller (brain,
And then I will forbear; if I be ſlain
In place of thee? What do'ſt thou ſay to this?
Laz. My anſwer's ſhort, thou art not far from (bliſs,
Could'ſt thou but ſee all unto me belongs,
Thou would'ſt conclude that all corporeal wrongs
Are Skin-deep only, while my better part
Rejoyceth always, when my wounds do ſmart,
Knowing that without tribulation
I never can poſſeſs that ſtation
Bought with the blood of an eternal Son:
Ponder this well, and then God's will be done.
Dives. What mean'th the curſed Block-head to (delay
His torture thus. *Huntſ.* I'm charm'd, and what (to ſay

I know not, for he ſaith, he hath a Soul
Impaſſible: if ſo, I dare not foul
My hands with blood, for which I anſwer muſt
Before the Judgment ſeat of him that's Juſt.
Div. Whip him, or die, Rogue, if that will not do,
My Dogs are keen, I'le make them eat him too.
Huntſ. Sir, I muſt do't, you muſt your ſhoulders (bare
I will ſtrike eaſie, though I dare not ſpare.
Laz. Will not Heav'n woo thee? Is thy Maſters (word
Sharper then helliſh Torments? Flaming Sword,
Mark them about me ſtand: who will defend
Thy worſt of bloody blows, and then will ſend
Thee to the place prepar'd for crueltie,
Where *Dives* alſo ſhall a ſharer be.
Huntſ. A Viſion! I dare not touch this man,
Who hath an Angel for his Guardian.
Div. A Fool, an Angel, you flew high laſt night,
Your brain is dry, eyes dim, there's no ſuch ſight;
Old Nurſes only ſcare their Babes with ſuch,
Believe nothing, but what ye ſee or touch.
Call out the Dogs, *Rockwood, Old Lady, Ring,*
And you ſhall ſee that they mind no ſuch thing;
Baw, aw, aw.
Laz. Peace, gentle Hounds, forbear to do me (harm.
Huntſ. My Lord, he can the Beagles alſo charm.
Sir, do but ſee, how they lie at his feet,
Div. Then call them in, hang him, it is not meet

That Wizards (ſuch as he) ſhould have relief
From him, who never was ſenſible of grief.
Laz. Hang me, why ſo? you ſee I have no ſpell,
But that may keep ſuch as your ſelf from hell.
Div. He makes me tremble, fill the other cup,
When Dinner's o're, I'le ſee him hanged up.
Come eat and drink, if this muſt be my doom,
I'le loſe no time (I ſwear) before it come.
Hell! I have that within me, there's no other
Which I reſolve to drown. Come, fill another,
A third, a fourth, fift, and then as many more,
I'm ſure the Beggar's God hath no ſuch ſtore
In his *Elizium*——
Laz. There pretty Dogs, lick on your healthful tongues,
Make ſatisfaction for your Maſter's wrongs;
But Good my Lord, one morſel to the poor,
Div. Peace wretch, you ſhall be hanged at my door.
Laz. For God's ſake, Sir, beſtow the crumbs that fall
From your full Table on him, who doth call
For *Chriſt* and *Pitie*'s ſake to be relieved,
My ſuit is honeſt, Pray Sir, be not grieved.
Div. What tell'ſt thou me either of *Chriſt*, or *Pity*?
This is my Houſe. I 'xpect no other City.
Laz. But to relieve the Poor's the way to bliſs,
Div. Give o're, you Raſcal, there's no Heav'n but this.
Here's

Here's all that I can wish for, or desire.

Laz. No, Here's no screen to keep thee from Hell-fire;
Nor is here any fence 'gainst powerful Death,
Thou, thou, proud *Dives*, must resign thy breath.

Div. Ha! ha! this canting Rogue would terrifie
Me also with that *Mormo*, I must die.

Pr. I wonder, Sir, you have the patience
To speak, or look on such, bid drive him hence.

Laz. I wonder more that he should dote on thee,
A painted Devil, Soul's great Enemy;
While the Almightie's Power upholds the house;
Thou fawn'st and flatter'st; but if he let loose
His Instruments, Want, Sickness, Pain or Age,
Thou fleest, then men must Act, or leave the Stage,
Without thy aid, Angel's and *Adam*'s foe
Cease thy delusions, let great *Dives* go.

Pr. Sir, do not ye hear this malicious wretch,
'Tis want of Bread that makes him use this fetch
To draw you in for this his wants supply.

Pov. No, thou'rt mistaken, if he still deny
Or give to *Lazar*, either cannot hinder
The wholsom Precepts he shall to him tender;
For having learn'd content in all Estates,
He can endure cold Frosts, and Summers heats.
Let him be pinch'd with want, abound with wealth,
All's welcom. Sickness is to him as health:
His needy Belly, and these noisome Sores,
Are called by him Harbingers to stores

Of

Of endleſs Joy, the thoughts of which doth raiſe
His Soul above the World's Envy or Praiſe.
Sick. True, true, dear friend, for when men
(are brought low
By me, they ſtudy only Heav'n to know,
Although my various pains diſrobe their faces
Of earthly glories, they augment their graces.
The true accountant of his days did ſay,
Before affliction, I went aſtray.
But being touch't by my Morbifick hand,
His eyes were open'd, and he ſaw a Land:
So full of glory (though a King before)
He'll there throw down his Crown, and keep the
(Dore,
Where Sunbeam-Beauty ſat upon his brow
So bright, ſo long, that *Meſhech*, *Kedar* now
Are black and ugly, Heav'n alone can pleaſe,
Such are th' effects of this good man's diſeaſe.
Pr. Great Sir, this drift you eaſily may 'ſpie,
They would have Friendſhip broke 'twixt you
(and I;
Old friends are always ſure, beware of new,
There are Religious Cheaters, not a few;
Is any one ſo mad to think that heav'n,
When ballanced with Gold, can carry ev'n;
No Sir, leave theſe to ſuch far-hoping fools,
They may be hurt, who meddle with edg'd tools.
Div. Their words are vain, thou art to me
(moſt dear,
I hate their perſons, and give o're to hear.

Their

Their ſavourleſs diſcourſe. Come, let me drink,
This babbling makes me melanchol' I think,
Pr. Chear up, great Sir, ſhall your couragious (Soul
Be daunted with the whooping of an Owl;
Shall croaking fleſh-crow-ſounds diſturb your (breſt,
Far be that from you. Take eternal reſt.
Glut. Here's *Lethe* water will make you forget,
That ever *Lazarus* was heard as yet.
Div. O! but my head akes, and my ſpirit's dull.
Pr. In haſte, of Cordial, bring a brimmer full.
Glut. Be of good cheer, this draught is for your (good.
Div. Oh! oh! oh! oh! Now, now I feel my blood
Returning to its Centre; and my eye,
The greateſt Object doubl'd doth eſpie.
Oh, hold me, all my limbs begin to ſhake;
Hold me, O hold, or elſe my poor heart will break.
Who's there? O who's there! O what friends have I
To leave me thus in my extremity.
Who's there? oh! who's there? *Laz.* All your friends (are gone.
Div. Canſt thou not help? *Laz.* Yes, but I'll let (alone,
To ſee if your belov'd Fraternity,
Dare ſhew their heads to promiſe certainty
Of a reprieve. *Div.* Dear Pride where art thou now?
Pr. At hand; but cannot help, I've made a Vow,
Never to own, or ſpeak to dying men.
Div. Delitious Gluttony, where art thou then?

Glut.

Glut. Here Sir, but all in vain, your paſſage ſtops.
Div. May be for Meat, yet bring the gold'n drops,
My Eſſences of all ſorts, now bring out.
A friend (be damn'd) he never ſtirs a foot.
Glut. Why ſhould I, Sir, though I was ſworn to be
Yours unto death; now you muſt pard'n me.
Div. Ah wretches! who would truſt you. *Lazarus*,
where art thou? *Laz.* who would be abuſed thus?
What think you now of your forenoons diſcourſe?
Div. Good *Lazarus* forbear, that makes me worſe.
Laz. Then you muſt die, as once before I ſaid,
Though you, and yours then nothing of it made.
Div. Nothing ſo true. Oh! oh! what ſight is here,
A *Sceleton* brings in an empty Beer.

Death. Dives.

Death. Sir, I arreſt you at th' Almighties ſuit.
Div. I know him not. What man on Earth dare (do't?
Death. Do not your out-cries ſpeak you priſoner.
Now better words become you, do not err.
Div. I ſcorn to pleaſe a Bailiff. What's my charge?
That I will pay; and thee thy fees at large.
How'er 'tis ſtrange that any ſhould me ſue.
I never borrower was, nor lender knew.
Death. The laſt is true, the firſt a horrid Lye;
All that thou haſt is borrow'd; for which I
Do execute this Warrant without Bail.
Div. ——— Stay, firſt ſet my goods to ſale.

Dea.

Death. Goods, thou haſt none, a judgment paſt long ſince.

Div. Judgment, you Rogue, I never ow'd two pence.

Death. But you're a Bankrupt and muſt defray
All now. *Div.* What are the Bills that I muſt pay.

Death. I have a many, whoſe total's tranſgreſſion.

Div. Then bail'd I may be by your own confeſſion;
And I can have the beſt in all the Land.

Death. No mortal dare your action take in hand.
To Goal you muſt. *Div.* I'll pay before I go.

Death. You lived blindly, and you will die ſo.
Do not you hear? what? *Dea.* your own Conſcience
Cry, guilty, guilty. *Div.* Yes, I muſt go hence.
Treaſur's farewel, Pride, Gluttony and Pleaſure,
This is the laſt, Death giv's me no more leiſure;
Elſe I would queſtion you of treachery;
For crying, *Hail,* and yet to Crucifie
Your Noble Maſter. *Death.* Such things ſaid before
Might have done good, but now you muſt give o're;
Time's Glaſs is almoſt out, Eternit' enters;
The worſt of men ſometimes are late repenters;
Which can in no caſe mitigate Hell's flame,

Death. Haſt'any more to ſay, I ſtrike the ſtroke.

Div. No, no, you need not, my heart-veins are broke:
Augh——augh——augh——g-o-l-d-dead.

Death

Death. Lazarus.

Death. You ſmile, and yet you muſt my Captive (be
Laz. Moſt joyful news (dear friend) then I ſhall (ſee
An end to all my ling'ring days; in grief,
Is any thing more welcome than relief
To weather-beaten Seamen, when the Waves
Of boyſtrous *Neptun* claſps his open Jaws
About their Veſſel, forc'd by Wind and Tide:
Or to the Sould'er when he hath eſpi'd
The Enemy triumphing on his ground, (ſound.
With flaming Steel and conqu'ring Trumpet
Unto the hungry Soul what gives more life,
Then ſight of Butler's lib'ral hand, and knife,
Ready to cut that may his app'tite ſtay;
Or to the weary Pilgrim on his way,
What's greater joy, than when he ſees, and when
His friends receive him ſafe return'd agen.
Such ſtraits had I in all my life, yet ſtill
I ſought to be ſubmiſſive to the will
Of my good God, and ſhall I queſt'on now
That Strength and Goodneſs, which I ever knew?
No, thou art welcome as the Harbinger,
To call me hence, where my affections were,
All this ſad time that I have liv'd on earth;
No mans more willing to reſign his breath.
Death. Thou'rt not afraid of death as *Dives* was?
Laz. No Sir, you ſee that I have no ſuch cauſe.

Death.

Death. You are a debtor too, and't muſt be paid.
Laz. Yes unto nature. What my ſins have made
Me liable to th' Law when Chriſt did bleed,
He ſaid, that from the ſame I ſhould be freed; (is;
Whoſe Croſs my Crown, and Blood my Treaſure
This being ſo, pardon I cannot miſs.
Death. Then thou art ready. *Laz.* Yes, through (Heav'ns Grace,
And hope e're long to ſee his bleſſed face.
In Glory. Who is that behind you ſtands?
Death. It is an Angel into whoſe bleſt hands,
You muſt reſign your Soul. Now I muſt ſee
The Rich Man's Funeral Solemnitie.

Pride, Sexton, Chyrurgions, Maſons, Carvers.

Pr. This loathſome, pale-fac'd Death, made me (retire
From my deceaſed Lord, whoſe laſt deſire
Was, That you Sexton ring his paſſing Bell;
And you Embalmers dreſs his Body well;
And that you Maſons out of Marble Rock,
Dig for his Statue a ſubſtantial Block, (more,
In length ſev'n foot, breadth four and ſomewhat
For's juſt dimenſion (as he was before)
You'r wiſh'd likewiſe who Mallet uſe and Tool,
To cut th' Effigies while his wandring Soul
Doth miriads of years 'bout *Lethe* Streams
Range, drink and ſleep, until his newer Dreams

Remove

Remove him to the fair *Elizium*,
Where none but ſuch as my dear *Dives* come.
Sext. Maſter, I went about your juſt Commands,
But flaming Spirits ſtood and held my hands,
Saying, That ſince you, you had damn'd his Soul,
He was no better if the Bell did towl:
Though then at Pray'r, theſe unexpected words
With ſtranger Faces and prodigious Swords,
Repell'd my ſpirits ſo, as I ſeem'd to be,
As fit for my laſt Fun'ral Rite as he.
Pr. Well, 'tis no matter, I and Gluttony,
In ſpight of Heav'n and Hell will Ringers be.
Chyrurg'ons view the Corps, and ſpare no coſt;
We do too little when we do the moſt:
For our dead Father *Dives*, by whoſe breath,
All men received either life or death.
Though we 'bove all, as Truſtees, muſt our skill
Uſe, till we have performed his laſt Will.
An't ſhall be done, Artiſts, what ſay you to't?
Chyr. Sir, Art availeth not, we cannot do it;
The ſparkling Glow-worm yeſterday ſhin'd bright,
Melts into Rottenneſs: A horrid ſight!
Pr. Where is the leaden Coffin? put him in.
Chyr. Nor this Sir, can we do, he hath no skin.
His fleſh and bones conſume, nothing remains:
So ſave your Gold, good Sir, as we our pains.
Pr. Is't uſual for dead men to do ſo.
Chyr. No, no, it only ſpeaks where he's to go.
Pr. Why? He's already in th' *Elizian Groves*.
Chyr. Be not deceiv'd, Heav'n no corrupt'on loves.

Pr. And

Pr. And do you truly think his ſtate is bad.
Chyr. We do ſo truly, and think your's as ſad
Without Repentance. *Pr.* Now I know ye rave.
Chyr. We knew what we ſhould have, no more (we crave.
Pr. Maſons, where is the Stone that I beſpoke
For's Statue? *Maſ.* Coming hither it was broke.
Pr. I think we ſhall be croſs'd in each deſign.
Maſ. We ne're were ſo till now, 'tis a bad ſign.
Pr. I never heard ſo much of theſe till now.
Maſ. Such om'nous things may make a proud (man bow.
Pr. Bow! with a Pox! then what muſt the moſt do.
Maſ. We anſwer ſoon, learn to be humble too.
Pr. Be gon, ye Rogues, about your buſineſs.
Maſ. From ſuch as you, we ne're expected leſs.
Pr. Carvers, have you no ſuch already made?
Car. Yes; but we muſt take pains about the head;
which we with artificial hairs muſt cover,
And in his hands put bags of Gold however.
Now Sir, it's done according to your mind.
Pr. Come take your Mony, I'll have that's be- (hind.

Mourners.

Thrice curſed be the day and Fate,
That did our bliſs obliterate;
Our golden Mine is now ſhut up,
Its owner drinks of Styg'an *Cup;*

While we his Votaries do groan,
Being depriv'd of him, alone,
From whom we all our living had,
All but his Flatter'rs wanted bread:
His Friends (though few) he loved well;
Since for them he would go to Hell,
Where we muſt leave him, and repent,
E're our laſt glaſs of time be ſpent;
Or elſe we muſt expect that Doom,
To which he is too ſurely come,
For his neglect of Pietie,
Of which he would no lover be:
Our Tears are vain; then let's give o're,
And take poſſeſſion of his ſtore;
It is ſufficient that his Glory,
Will live as long as Sacred Story;
And name of Dives *will be ſweet,*
To every earthly Proſelyte,
Who make their God of gilded clay,
Till Heav'n, as him, ſweep them away:
There needs no Tomb, moſt Rich Mens Purſes,
Wrap him, as Children, by their Nurſes.

Death, Angel, Lazarus.

Death. Friend *Lazarus*, how like you my return?
Laz. Well, though your abſence gave me cauſe to mourn.
Had not the glor'ous Light you left behind,
Made my paſt mis'ries vaniſh from my mind.

Death.

Death. Doth not the Doom of the Rich Man af-
(fright
Thy feeble flesh. *Laz.* Ne're while I see this Light;
Which I am sure is earnest of that bliss
I shall receive when come where Jesus is.
Keep me no longer here, I am most willing;
Thou canst not hurt me having lost thy Sting.
Speaketh to the Angel. And you, if sent from God, to be my
(Guide,
Hold fast, dark night, rough way, may make me
(slide.
Ang. Joy of thy Lord, I'm come for that same
(end,
To bring thee safe to Heav'n, he did me send:
Whose will I always cheerfully obey:
Yet e're we take our wing, pray let us stay,
And talk of your Adventur's here below:
This I desire. *Laz.* I'll tell you what I know.
What entertainment had you all this time
On earth? *Laz.* As *Cynthia*, now Full, now Prime.
Or as bright *Phebus*, whose resplendant Rays,
Give heat and light to the renewed days,
And yet are sometimes wrapt in Clouds and Mist,
That if he shine or not, it is not guest;
Or when pale *Luna* overshades his face,
So various was my state, while in this place.
Ang. Is there not then 'mong Mortals difference?
Laz. Yes, that's one cause, for which I would
(go hence.

Some ſwim in pleaſure, ſome are drown'd in want,
(Though this laſt happens where true Grace is (ſcant.)
The Rich oppreſs the Poor, the fat devour
The lean, and yet this laſteth not an hour,
Being compared with Eternity.
Ang. Do not ſome ſay, that they ſhall never dy?
Laz. Yes, ſo ſaid the Rich Man but yeſterday.
Now I am almoſt weary of my ſtay;
For though I'm glad to ſee your glorious light,
I long to ſee my God, who ſhines more bright;
Into whoſe preſence I deſire to be.
Ang. I have yet one word more to ſay to thee.
What were thy thoughts of Heav'n when thy di- (ſtreſs
And ſores were grievous? *Laz.* You may eas'ly (gueſs.
I never yet deſpair'd of *Shaddai*'s help,
Though men look'd on me as a leprous whelp.
Ang. And think'ſt thou that ſuch Miſers come (to bliſs?
Laz. The Scripture ſaith, To ſuch God's Pro- (miſe is.
Ang. Truſt me thou dar'ſt then with thy happy (Soul.
Laz. Why ſhould I fear? Since you dare not (controul
Your Makers Mandat; who deſires that ye
Ne'r leave my better part, till plac'd it be

In *Abram*'s bosom, where I shall inherit
More than *Elisha*'s or *Elia*'s spirit.
Ang. This pleaseth well. What thy last words (may be,
I'll hear of Mankinds treple Enemy.
And so go hence: The Flesh, the World, and Hell,
Are those I mean; b'ing such since *Adam* fell.
Laz. The Devil a Lyar is, whom I defie,
And ever did, you are my witness, by
His black suggests, that did my Maker rob
Of's Glory; I despis'd, and shar'd with *Job*,
In's dunghil scabs, and rather than commit
A wilful trespass, I would to the pit
Have gone alive, he hath a murd'ring mind,
Although he flatter, let him get behind.
As for the alluring world, th' Almighty knows,
It never received ought of me, it owes
Me many common favours, fare it well;
'Twas better want them, then have gone to Hell.
Poor flesh, I am a debtor unto thee;
Wait but a while, my Lord will satisfie
With Interest, what e'r I took on score,
Enough for all; thou shalt revive: Nay more,
Thou shalt be glorifi'd with Christ thy Head,
At Day of Judgment, when he 'wakes the dead.
Ang. This true Confession, makes the glorious
Earth is not worthy of thee, come with us:
Death strike him gently, he's the adopted Son
Of *Abram*, where I leave him, and have done.

Abraham. Lazarus. Dives.

Abr. Welcome dear Child, now I am filld with joy,
To ſee thee trample all did thee annoy.
'Tis Faith, and Hope, and Love that helpt thee hither:
Two of which ceaſe, the laſt ſhall never wither.
It's Summer always here, here's no Hail-ſhowers,
To ſtock the fruit once ſet, or blaſt the Flowers.
Of bliſs eternal. Pray look upon me,
My faithful Son, whom I have long'd to ſee;
Here take this Crown, this Royal Diadem,
Adorn that head, which formerly with ſhame
Lay on the Dunghil. Let thy ſpotted skin
Henceforth be glorious, as thy Soul within.
Prepare thine ears for the unceſſant noiſe
Of Saints and Angels, who do all rejoyce
At thy admiſſion to this Sacred Quire,
Where all their Hymn's are fraught with Divine fire;
And none do ſing of any thing but love.
That's our eternal buſ'neſs now above.

Laz. All praiſe to the Almighty, through whoſe Grace,
I fought the good fight and have won the race.

Abr. Raiſe thy Immortal Voice another Key.
Thou muſt ſing Halelujahs night and day
For ever —— *La.* Halelujah ——

Devil.

Devil. Did my dark chains and torments fierce (permit,
I ſhould rejoyce to ſee Great *Dives* ſit
Here pin'd with anguiſh thirſt, and cold,
While my dear Friends conſume his ill got Gold.
How fare you Sir? How like ye your remove?
The Scene is alter'd, ſince you were above.

Div. Ah me! What ruful ſights? what ſqualid ſhapes,
Of Bears, and Wolves, and Tygers, ugly Apes,
Devouring Vulturs; and that which is worſe,
Damn'd Furies foaming under Heav'ns curſe.
Fire, fire, O fire! dreadful, ſulphureous.

Devil. Such entertainment you muſt have (with us.

Dives. I freeze, I fry, and cannot get way.

Devil. Stay, firſt for Purple, and fine Linnen pay.
You took on truſt; your quinteſſence of blood
Muſt be exchanged for the *Styg'an* flood.
The pleaſure you have had for ſome few years,
Is ended, after which eternal tears
Muſt have ſucceſſion. *Div.* O! what glorious light
Do I ſee, ſhining through the gloomy night;
And place, with faireſt Diamonds and Pearls
Beſet and floored, fit for none but Earls,
Or ſuch as I once was. What Sun-like Sage
Is that? his face beſpeaks him of great age.
And who is that li'th in his glor'ous arms?
Sure, 'tis ſome *Cupid*, who fond nature charms.

Devil. Nothing but Nature yet, I thought this load
Of chains might have assur'd there was a God,
Whose habitation is the place you see.
Dives. Then curst be they, who have deceived me.
Devil. That ancien's *Abr'am*, and that glorious youth
In's happy arms is *Lazarus*, whose mouth
You once forbid to shew his wretched case,
Or give the least relief. *Div.* Alas! alas!
Will neither of them help me, if I cry.
Devil. 'Twill but augment your torment, you may try.
Dives. Father, dear Father *Abram*, ease your Son,
Who li'th in torment, else he is undon.
My misery's so great, I cannot tell:
But ah! too sure it is the fire of Hell,
Which heretofore none could make me believe;
Yet deareſt Father (if you can) relieve
Me from this torment, reach thy helping hand;
If not, send *Lazarus*; who thy Command
is ready to obey, and let him dip
In cooling water, but his fingers tip,
Which he upon my scorched tongue may drain,
To quench this flame, which I cannot sustain.
Abr. Son be content, time was thou wouldst not see,
(Without disdain) this poor man's miserie.

Now

Nor wouldeſt give the crumbs fell from thy Ta-
(ble,
To ſatisfie his Soul; when thou waſt able,
His fortunes to have rais'd, to ſuch a pitch,
That none but *Dives* might have been more rich:
Then thou thy portion hadſt while wretched he,
Lay in diſtreſs, unpitied by thee.
Doſt not remember theſe things? *Div.* Yes, O
(Yes!
Is this the cauſe I am depriv'd of bliſs?
Abr. And good cauſe too, wherefore give o're to
(grieve,
There's none in Heav'n or Earth can thee relieve.
A fixed Gulf, betwixt us ever ſhall
Unmoved ſtand; God's Juſtice, brazen wall;
So that no heir of Heav'n can come to thee,
Nor thou to them, for eaſe of miſery.
Dives. Then pray you ſend him to my Father's
(houſe,
I have five Brethren there, are very looſe;
They're alſo feeding fat for this ſad ſlaughter.
Abr. Tuſh, News from Heav'n, will only make
(their laughter.
For they who drowned are in earthly pleaſure,
Have this hard fate, ne're to repent at leiſure;
Or mend that is amiſs, but ſpend their day,
In eating, drinking, riſing up to play,
Till they are fall'n aſleep: Their golden Dreams,
Are never well interpreted, till Streams

Of

Of fire and brimſtone from the higher powers,
Rain on their heads for ever. *Div.* O, theſe Showers!
Would I were turned to ſome Marble Rock,
Or had at firſt been made a ſenſleſs Block.
Oh! that great hills and mountains might us ſwal-
(low;
Or that (like Bruits) I might for ever wallow
On Earth, and have no other 'count to make.
Abr. Give o're, give o're, and theſe your tor-
ments take,
As from a juſt, and ſin-revenging God,
Who will'd you once to bear a lighter load.
Div. O! but my Brethren, Sir, know not my
(Doom.
Abr. They'll know't (I doubt) too ſoon, when
(they are come
To that ſame place of torment where you are.
Div. Then ſend, O ſend, Sir, e're they go too far.
Is not the gate of Heav'n ope' while they live?
They may repent, and God their ſins forgive.
Abr. 'Tis but in vain to ſend one from the dead,
Se'ing he can ſay no more, than may be read
In *Moſes*, *Iſai'*, weeping *Jeremie*,
And all the reſt whoſe Inſpirations be
Divine. Then curſed wretch, thou muſt give o're
To cry, bidding Adieu for evermore
To Heav'n, where *Lazarus* muſt now remain
With me, and thou in Hell's tormenting pain.

The Rich Man's *EPITAPH*,

FOR

The EPILOGUE.

HEre li'th the Man, who never did
Good while he liv'd, nor Vice forbid:
Here li'th the Man, who to his Wealth,
Truſted his Souls and Bodies health:
Here li'th the Man, who out of meaſure,
Glutted himſelf with beaſtly pleaſure;
For which his hungry Soul and dry,
Is doom'd eternally to fry
In Hell. A warning unto thoſe,
Who in baſe Earth their truſt repoſe.
His Sentence paſt; let ſuch give o're,
God's juſt ſtill, as he was before.

Avertat Deus hoc malum à nobis.

FINIS.